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to hear me, and now he is making game of me, and will go to-morrow to his friends and tell them what I said, and they will laugh at me together, and I shall become a jest for all the town." So she answered not a word.

But Pausias took both her hands into his, and read all her heart in her face, while the fiftful color came and went like flame beneath her fair skin.

And he said—"Glycera, I heard you talking to yourself about me, and I know you love me. O Glycera! only hear me, for I love you."

Then she looked up at him and answered—"Do not mock me, fair sir, for I am poor and fatherless, and it is not fit that one like you should speak of love to a peasant girl. For you have heard the things I said of you, and I cannot deny them; but now leave me, and forget them all, and let me go my way, for I am a true woman, and it is not well my name should be a sport for noble youths." But her eyes were dim and misty, and her voice faltered as she spoke.

"Glycera, you must not leave me yet. I make no sport of you, for I, too, have a true heart, and I speak the truth to you. It is nothing to me that you are poor or unknown. Am not I noble? and cannot I make my bride what I will? Glycera, I have loved you since the day I saw you in the streets, selling flowers by the doors of our school. See, here are the roses you gave me then; I have carried them about with me every day, and I have not lost a single flower. For I love you Glycera, as the flowers love the sun, and as the immortals love heaven."

Then she bowed her head upon his shoulder, and told him all her heart; and Pausias kissed her, and spoke sweet words to her, and they sat there together, hand in hand, for many a happy hour, till the sun dipped down behind the purple hills, and the birds went to sleep in their nests.

Ah, sweetheart, love is very beautiful, and the world is everywhere full of it! It is the one great poem that has been sung by all living things through all ages, since Chaos himself became musical through love. And dwells forever and forever, in all conceivable fullness, within the heart of the Universal Father, from whom all things take their being. And some days they say that great Father will gather all the whole world into His infinite love, and there will be no more tyranny, and strife, and envying, and hatred, but all men will be brothers, and He above all. But whenever that glorious day may be, sweetheart, and how it may be brought upon us, we cannot tell, nor shall we be able to tell until it comes. Only of this one thing we may be sure, that when it does come it will be all the sweeter, and all the more beautiful, to those who have waited and longed, and hoped, and lived for it.

CHAPTER IV.

Pleasantly and dreamily sang the waves on the reedy shore of the river Asopus, and the garrulous wood-birds clattered and screamed to each other on the swinging branches of the tall oaks and the plane-trees.

Pausias and Glycera sat together on the sunny slopes down by the water, and the flower girl's basket, newly filled, stood beside her, for it was early morning, and her day's work was not begun, nor was it yet time for the young student to present himself at the schools. So they sat and talked there, these two, as lovers always talk together, and she told him all her thoughts, and they parted, and he spoke to her of his painting, and his hopes, and fears, and disappointments.

And they were very, very happy—so happy that it would be quite impossible for any one who never loved himself to imagine how happy they were.

"Do you know, Glycera," said Pausias, presently, after a little silence between them, "I cannot paint now as I used to do before I saw you, for your face always comes between me and my picture, and I cannot draw rightly for thinking of you. And yesterday, I put in brown eyes for my Pallas Athene, and, when Pamphilus asked me the reason why they were not blue, I had nothing

to say, so I twisted and fidgeted about, until I spilt all my colors on the floor, and Melanthius laughed at me, and I felt stupid and foolish before them all. And I know Pamphilus thinks I shall never learn to paint, for now he often sighs, and looks sorrowful and disheartened, when he comes and watches me at my work."

"If that be so, then, Pausias," she answered, "why don't you paint me? You might come here early every morning, and in the evening too, for the days are long and sunny, and I would sit by you under the trees, and you could make a picture of me, and show it to your master, that he might see you are a true genius after all. Will you do this, Pausias? And she nestled closely up to his side, and looked into his eyes, and waited for him to speak.

Then he laughed and said—"Glycera, you talk like Apollo's priestess herself; and truly, darling, you are my oracle, and shall be obeyed. For I think your idea is a very wise and clever one, and I will bring my canvas and my tools here early to-morrow, if you will come too, for this is a quiet little spot, where no one can see us, and then I will begin my picture. What shall I call it? Glycera?—'the Queen of the Flowers,' or 'the Sovereign Nymph of the Sicyonic Woods?'"

"Wait until it is finished, most impatient Pausias," she said laughing; "it will not do, you know, to try weaving the garland before the flowers are plucked!"

"Every shell on the sea-shore sounds of the sea," returned he, slyly, "and every man talks of his trade; and so you, my dear Glycera, when you want a simile, must needs look for it in your own flower-basket!"

Then they laughed together, and made merry jests, until the sun began to climb up high in the clear blue, and it was time for Pausias and Glycera to go to their work. So the flower-girl rose and took up her basket, and Pausias helped her to fasten it on her shoulder, and they kissed one another, and parted and went upon their way merrily.

(To be Continued.)

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

PARMIGIANO.

Born 1503, died 1540.

Francesco Mazzola, or Mazzuoli, called Parmigiano, and by the Italians, Il Parmigianino (to express by this endearing diminutive the love as well as the admiration he inspired even from his boyhood), was a native of Parma, born on the 11th of January, 1503. He had two uncles who were painters, and by them he was early initiated into some knowledge of designing, though he could have owed little else to them, both being very mediocre artists. Endowed with a most precocious genius, ardent in every pursuit, he studied indefatigably, and at the age of fourteen he produced a picture of the Baptism of Christ, wonderful for a boy of his age, exhibiting even thus early much of that easy grace which he is supposed to have learned from Correggio; but Correggio had not then visited Parma. When he arrived there, four years afterwards, for the purpose of painting the cupola of San Giovanni, Francesco, then only eighteen, was selected as one of his assistants, and he took this opportunity of imbuing his mind with a style which certainly had much analogy with his own taste and character. Parmigiano, however, had too much genius, too much ambition, to follow in the footsteps of another, however great. Though not great enough himself to be first in that age of greatness,

yet, had his rivals and contemporaries been less than giants, he must have overtopped them all. As it was, feeling the impossibility of rising above such men as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, yet feeling also the consciousness of his own power, he endeavored to be original by combining what has not yet been harmonized in nature, therefore, could hardly succeed in art—the grand drawing of Michael Angelo, the antique grace of Raphael, and the melting tones and sweetness of Correggio. Perhaps, had he been satisfied to look at nature through his own soul and eyes, he would have done better; had he trusted himself more, he would have escaped some of those faults which have rendered many of his works unpleasing, by giving the impression of effort, and of what in art is called *mannerism*. Ambitious, versatile, accomplished, generally admired for his handsome person and graceful manners, Parmigiano would have been spoiled by vanity, if he had not been a man of strong sensibility, and of almost fastidious sentiment and refinement. When these are added to genius, the result is generally a tinge of that melancholy, of that dissatisfaction with all that is achieved or acquired, which seem to have entered largely into the temperament of this painter, rendering his character and life extremely interesting, while it strongly distinguishes him from the serenely mild and equal-tempered Raphael, to whom he was afterwards compared.

When Parmigiano was in his twentieth year, he set off for Rome. The recent accession of Clement VII., a declared patron of art, and the death of Raphael, had opened a splendid vista of glory and success to his imagination. He carried with him to Rome three pictures. One of these was an example of his graceful genius. It represented the Infant Christ seated on his mother's knee, and taking some fruit from the lap of an angel. The second was a proof of his wonderful dexterity of hand. It was a portrait of himself seated in his atelier amid his books and musical instruments; but the whole scene represented on the panel as if viewed in a convex mirror. The third picture was an instance of the success with which he had studied the magical effects of *chiaroscuro* in Correggio—torchlight, daylight, and a celestial light, being all introduced without disturbing the harmony of the coloring. This last he presented to the pope, who received both the young painter and his offering most graciously. He became a favorite at Rome, and, as he studiously imitated while there the works of Raphael, and resembled him in the elegance of his person and manners, and the generosity of his disposition, the poets complimented him by saying, or singing, that the late-lost and lamented Raphael had revived in the likeness of Parmigiano. We can now measure more justly the distance which separated them.

While at Rome, Francesco was greatly patronized by the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, and painted for him several beautiful pictures; for the pope also several others, and the portrait of a young captain of his guard, Lorenzo Cibo, which is supposed to be the fine portrait now at Windsor. For a noble lady, a certain Donna Maria Bufalini, he painted a grand altar-piece to adorn the chapel of her family at Città di Castello. This is the celebrated Vision of St. Jerome, now in our National Gallery. It represents the Virgin holding a book, with the Infant Christ leaning on her knee, as seen above in a glory, while St. John the Baptist points to the celestial vision, and St.

Jerome is seen asleep in the background. This picture is an eminent example of all the beauties and faults of Parmigiano. The Madonna and the Child are models of dignity and grace; the drawing is correct and elegant; the play of the lights and shadows in delicate management, worthy of Correggio. On the other hand, the attitude of St. John the Baptist is an attempt at singularity in drawing, which is altogether forced and theatrical; while the foreshortened figure of St. Jerome in the background is most *uncomfortably* distorted. Notwithstanding these faults, the picture has always been much celebrated. When the church in which it stood was destroyed by an earthquake, the picture was purchased from among the ruins, and afterwards sold to the Marquis of Abercorn for fifteen hundred guineas; subsequently it passed through the hands of two great collectors, Mr. Hart Davis and Mr. Watson Taylor, and was at length purchased by the members of the British Institution, and by them generously presented to the nation.

It is related that Rome was taken by assault, and pillaged by the barbarous soldiery of the Constable de Bourbon, at the very time that Parmigiano was painting on this picture; and that he was so absorbed by his work, that he heard nothing of the tumult around him, till some soldiers, with an officer at their head, broke into his atelier. As he turned round in quiet surprise from his easel, they were so struck by the beauty of his work, as well as by the composure of the artist, that they retired without doing him any injury. But another party afterwards seized him, insisted on ransom, and robbed him of all he possessed. Thus reduced to poverty, he fled from Rome, now a scene of indescribable horrors, and reached Bologna barefoot and penniless.

But the man of genius has, at least, this high privilege, that he carries with him everywhere two things of which no earthly power can rob him—his talent and his fame. On arriving at Bologna, he drew and etched some beautiful compositions. He is said by some to have himself invented the art of *etching*—that is, of corroding, or, as it is technically termed, *biting* the lines on the copper-plate by means of nitrous acid, instead of cutting them with the graver. By this new-found art he was relieved from the immediate pressure of poverty, and very soon found himself, as a painter, in full employment. He executed at Bologna some of his most celebrated works; the Madonna della Rosa of the Dresden Gallery, and the Madonna dell' *collo lungo* (or *long-necked* Madonna) in the Pitti Palace at Florence; also a famous altar-piece called the St. Margaret. Of all these there are numerous engravings.

After residing nearly four years at Bologna, Parmigiano returned, rich and celebrated, to his native city. He reached Parma in 1531, and was immediately engaged to paint in fresco a new church which had recently been erected to the honor of the Virgin Mary, and called the *Steccata*. There were, however, some delays on the side of his employers, and more on his own, and four years passed before he set to work. Much indignation was excited by his dilatory conduct; but it was appeased by the interference of his friend Francesco Boiardo, who offered himself as his surety for the completion of his undertaking within a given time. A new contract was signed, and Parmigiano thereupon presented to his friend his picture of Cupid framing his Bow, a lovely composition, so beautiful that it has been again and again attributed to Correggio, and engraved

under his name, but it is, undoubtedly, by Parmigiano. Several repetitions of it were executed at the time, so much did it delight all who saw it. Engravings and copies likewise abound; a very good copy is in the Bridgewater Gallery. The picture which is regarded as the original is in the Belvedere at Vienna.

At last he began his works in the *Steccata*, and there he executed his figure of Moses in act to break the Tables of the Law, and his Eve in act to pluck the forbidden fruit. The former is a proof of the height he could aspire to in sublime conception; we have few examples in art of equal grandeur of character and drawing. The poet Gray acknowledged that, when he pictured his Bard,

"Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed like a meteor on the troubled air,"

he had this magnificent figure full in his mind. The Eve, on the other hand, is a perfect example of that peculiar grace in which Parmigiano excelled.

After he had painted these and a few other figures in the church, more delays ensued. It is said by some that Parmigiano had wasted his money in gambling and dissipation, and now gave himself up to the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, with a hope of repairing his losses. One of his biographers has taken pains to disprove these imputations; but that he was improvident, restless, and fond of pleasure, is admitted. Whatever might have been the cause, he broke his contract, and was thrown into prison. To obtain his freedom, he entered into a new engagement, but was no sooner at liberty than he escaped to the territory of Cremona. Here his constitutional melancholy seized him; and though he lived, or rather languished, long enough to paint some beautiful pictures, he died in a few months afterwards, and was, at his own request, laid in the earth, without any coffin or covering, only a cross of cypress-wood was placed on his breast. He died just twenty years after Raphael, and at the same age, having only completed his thirty-seventh year.

Parmigiano, in his best pictures, is one of the most fascinating of painters—dignified, graceful, harmonious. His children, cupids, and angels, are in general exquisite; his portraits are noble, and are, perhaps, his finest and most faultless productions—the Moses and the Eve excepted. It was the error of Parmigiano that in studying grace he was apt to deviate into affectation, and become what the French call *maniere*; all studied grace is disagreeable. In his female figures he lengthened the limbs, the necks, the fingers, till the effect was not grace, but a kind of stately feebleness; and as he imitated at the same time the grand drawing and large manner of Michael Angelo, the result conveys an impression of something quite incongruous in nature and in art. Then his Madonnas have in general a mannered grandeur and elegance, something between goddesses and duchesses; and his female saints are something between nymphs and maids of honor. For instance, none of his compositions, not even the Cupid shaping his Bow, has been more popular than the Marriage of St. Catherine, of which there are so many repetitions; a famous one in the collection of Lord Normanton; another, smaller and most exquisite, in the Grosvenor Gallery—not to speak of an infinitude of copies and engravings; but is not the Madonna, with her long, slender neck, and her half-averted head,

far more aristocratic than divine? and does not St. Catherine hold out her pretty finger for the ring with the air of a lady-bride?—and most of the sacred pictures of Parmigiano are liable to the same censure. Annibal Carracci, in a famous sonnet, in which he painted out what was most worthy of imitation in the elder painters, recommends, significantly, "a little" of the grace of Parmigiano; thereby indicating, what we feel to be the truth, that he had *too much*.

GIORGIONE.

Born 1478, died 1513.

This painter was another great *inventor*—one of those who stamped his own individuality on his art. He was essentially a poet, and a *subjective* poet, who fused his own being with all he performed and created. If Raphael be the Shakespeare, then Giorgione may be styled the Byron, of painting.

He was born at Castel Franco, a small town in the territory of Treviso, and his proper name was Giorgio Barbarelli. Nothing is known of his family or of his younger years, except that, having shown a strong disposition to art, he was brought, when a boy, to Venice, and placed under the tuition of Gian Bellini. As he grew up he was distinguished by his tall, noble figure, and the dignity of his deportment; and his companions called him Giorgione, or George the Great, by which nick-name he has, after the Italian fashion, descended to posterity.

Giorgione appears to have been endowed by nature with an intense love of beauty, and a sense of harmony which pervaded his whole being. He was famous as a player and composer on the lute, to which he sung his own verses. In his works two characteristics prevail—sentiment and color, both tinged by the peculiar temperament of the man. The sentiment is noble, but melancholy; and the color decided, intense, and glowing. His execution had a freedom, a careless mastery of hand, or, to borrow the untranslatable Italian word, a *sprezzatura*, unknown before his time. The idea that he founded his style on that of Lionardo da Vinci cannot be entertained by those who have studied the works of both. Nothing can be more distinct in character and feeling.

It is to be regretted that of one so interesting in his character and his works we know so little; yet more to be regretted that a being gifted with the passionate sensibility of a poet should have been employed chiefly in decorative painting, and that too confined to the outsides of the Venetian palaces. These creations have been destroyed by fire, ruined by time, or effaced by the damps of the Lagune. He appears to have early acquired fame in his art, and we find him in 1504 employed, together with Titian, in painting with frescoes the exterior of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi (the hall of Exchange belonging to the German merchants.) That part intrusted to Giorgione he covered with the most beautiful and poetical figures; but the significance of the whole was soon after the artist's death forgotten, and Vasari tells us that in his time no one could interpret it. It appears to have been a sort of arabesque on a colossal scale.

Giorgione delighted in fresco as a vehicle, because it gave him ample scope for that largeness and freedom of outline which characterized his

manner. Unhappily, of his numerous works, only the merest fragments remain. We have no evidence that he exercised his art elsewhere than at Venice, or that he ever resided out of the Venetian territory. In his pictures, the heads, features, costumes, are all stamped with the Venetian character. He had no school, though, induced by his social and affectionate nature, he freely imparted what he knew, and often worked in conjunction with others. His love of music, and his love of pleasure sometimes led him astray from his art, but were more often his inspirers. Both are embodied in his pictures, particularly his exquisite pastorals and concerts, over which, however, he has breathed that cast of thoughtfulness and profound feeling which, in the midst of harmony and beauty, is like a revelation or a prophecy of sorrow. All the rest of what is recorded concerning the life and death of Giorgione may be told in a few words. Among the painters who worked with him was Pietro Luzzo, of Feltri, near Venice, known in the history of art as Morta da Feltri, and mentioned by Vasari as the inventor, or rather reviver, of arabesque painting in the antique style, which he had studied amid the dark vaults of the Roman ruins. This Morta, as Rudolf relates, was the friend of Giorgione, and lived under the same roof with him. He took advantage of Giorgione's confidence to seduce and carry off from his house a girl whom he passionately loved. Wounded doubly by the falsehood of his mistress and the treachery of his friend, Giorgione sank into despair, and soon afterwards died, at the early age of thirty-three. Morta da Feltri afterwards fled from Venice, entered the army, and was killed at the battle of Zara, in 1619. Such is the Venetian tradition.

Giorgione's genuine pictures are very rarely to be met with; of those ascribed to him the greater number were painted by Pietro della Vecchia, a Venetian, who had a peculiar talent for imitating Giorgione's manner of execution and style of color. These imitations deceive picture-dealers and collectors; they could not for one moment deceive those who had looked into the *feeling* impressed on Giorgione's works. The only picture which could have imposed on the true lover of Giorgione is that in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, the Four Ages, by Titian, in which the tone of sentiment as well as the manner of Giorgione are so happily imitated that for many years it was attributed to him. It was painted by Titian when he was the friend and daily companion of Giorgione, and under the immediate influence of his feelings and genius.

We may divide the undoubted and existing pictures of Giorgione into three classes.

1. The historical subjects, which are very uncommon; such seem to have been principally confined to his frescoes, and have mostly perished. Of the few which remain to us, the most famous is a picture in the Brera at Milan, the Finding of Moses. It may be called rather a *romantic* and poetical version than an historical representation of the scene. It would shock Sir Gardner Wilkinson. In the centre sits the princess under a tree; she looks with surprise and tenderness on the child, which is brought to her by one of her attendants. The squire or seneschal of the princess, with knights and ladies, stand around; on one side two lovers are seated on the grass; on the other are musicians and singers, pages with dogs. All the figures are in the Venetian costume; the coloring is splendid, and the grace and harmony of the whole composition is even

the more enchanting from the *naivete* of the conception. This picture, like many others of the same age and style, reminds us of those poems and tales of the middle ages, in which David and Jonathan figure as "*preux chevaliers*," and Sir Alexander of Macedon, and Sir Paris of Troy fight tournaments in honor of ladies' eyes, and the "blessed Virgin." They must be tried by their own aim and standard, not by the severity of antiquarian criticism.

In the Academy of Venice is preserved another historical picture, yet more wildly poetical in conception. It commemorates a fact—a dreadful tempest which occurred in 1340, and threatened to overwhelm the whole city of Venice. In Giorgione's picture the demons are represented in an infernal bark exciting the tempest, while St. Mark, St. Nicholas, and St. George, the patron saints of Venice, seated in a small vessel tossed amid the waves, oppose with spiritual arms the powers of hell, and prevail against them.

In our National Gallery there is a small historical picture, the death of Peter, the Dominican friar and inquisitor, called St. Peter the Martyr, who was assassinated. This picture is not of much value, and a very inferior work of the master.

Sacred subjects of the usual kind were so seldom painted by Giorgione, that there are not, perhaps, half a dozen in existence.

2. There is a class of subjects which Giorgione represented with peculiar grace and felicity. They are in painting what idyls and lyrics are in poetry, and seem like direct inventions of the artist's own mind, though some are supposed to be scenes from Venetian tales and novels now lost. These generally represent groups of cavaliers and ladies seated in beautiful landscapes under the shade of trees, conversing or playing on musical instruments. Such pictures are not unfrequent, and have a particular charm, arising from the union of melancholy feeling with luxurious and festive enjoyment, and a mysterious allegorical significance now only to be surmised. In the collection of Lord Northwick, at Cheltenham, there is a most charming picture in this style, and in the possession of Mr. Cunningham there is another. To this class may also be referred the exquisite pastoral group of Jacob and Rachel, in the Dresden Gallery.

3. His portraits are magnificent. They have all, with the strongest resemblance to general nature, a grand ideal cast; for it was in the character of the man to idealize everything he touched. Very few of his portraits are now to be identified. Among the finest and most interesting may be mentioned his own portrait in the Munich Gallery, which has an expression of the profoundest melancholy. In the Imperial Gallery at Vienna—rich in his works—there is a picture representing a young man crowned with a garland of vine-leaves; another comes behind him with a concealed dagger, and appears to watch the moment to strike. The expression in the two heads can never be forgotten by those who have looked on them. The fine portrait of a cavalier, with a page riveting his armor, is well known. It is in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, and styled, without much probability, Gaston de Foix. A beautiful little full-length figure in armor, now in the collection of Mr. Rogers, bears the same name, and is probably a study for a St. Michael or a St. George. Lord Byron has celebrated in some beautiful lines the impression made on his mind by a picture in the Manfrini Palace, at Venice;

but the poet errs in styling it the "portraits of his son, and wife, and self." Giorgione never had either son or wife. The picture alluded to represents a Venetian lady, a cavalier, and a page,—portraits, evidently, but the names are unknown.

The striking characteristic of all Giorgione's pictures, whether portraits, ideal heads, or compositions, is the ineffaceable impression they leave on the memory—the impression of *reality*. In the apparent simplicity of the means through which this effect is produced, the few yet splendid colors, the vigorous decision of touch, the depth and tenderness of the sentiment, they remind us of the old religious music to which we have listened in the Italian churches—a few simple notes, long sustained, deliciously blended, swelling into a rich, full, and perfect harmony, and melting into the soul.

Though Giorgione left no scholars, properly so called, he had many imitators, and no artist of his time exercised a more extensive and long-felt influence. He diffused that taste for vivid and warm color which we see in contemporary and succeeding artists, and he tinged with his manner and feeling the whole Venetian school. Among those who were inspired by this powerful and ardent mind, may be mentioned Sebastian del Piombo, of whom some account has already been given; Jacopo Palma, called *Old Palma*, b. 1518, d. 1548; Paris Bordone, b. 1500, d. 1570; Pordenone, b. 1486, d. 1540; and, lastly, *TITIAN*, the great representative of the Venetian school. The difference between Giorgione and Titian, as colorists, seems to be this, that the colors of Giorgione appear as if lighted up from within, and those of Titian as if lighted from without. The epithet *fiery* or *glowing* would apply to Giorgione; the epithet *golden* would express the predominant hues of Titian.

ART MATTERS.

Messrs. Kensett, Lang, and Geo. A. Baker have just formed a most delightful art colony at the new building 1,195 Broadway, where they have pitched their easels, and surrounded themselves with all the elegances of modern beauty and improvement.

Kensett is at work on a picture of "Windsor Castle," a delightful, silvery grey landscape, painted with all that delicacy of treatment for which Mr. Kensett is so justly celebrated.

Another charming picture in the gentlemen's studio is a view of one of the small ponds at Newport, in which we just catch a glimpse of the ocean, dotted here and there with white sails and basking under the warmth of a Summer sky.

Lang is devoting his attention almost entirely to art instruction at present, and has but little time for painting, notwithstanding which he has commenced a fine picture, illustrating a scene in the life of Queen Elizabeth, in which he has succeeded in infusing a great deal of character into the figure of the "Virgin Queen."

It would well repay a visit to Mr. Lang's Art Institute, if only to witness with what luxuriousness the rooms are fitted up, and how admirably they are adapted to the purpose for which they are designed.

Shattuck has just finished a delightful pastoral landscape, bright, sunny, and breathing of peace and happiness from every point.